no deer nor wild boars left, and the cattle are all herded, the young wood is getting up again.

The people about here who were pensioners of the Court and nobility were disappointed in their hopes of sharing the spoil. The manufacturers of porcelain, now established at the former Government-house of M. de Montmorin, are violent sans-culottes; but the municipality is composed of very moderate men, and the commune is very quiet.

Yesterday, high mass, *Tenebrce* and *Salut*, was solemnized at the parish church with as much pomp as ever, and the church was crowded. There is no salary for the priest, but a collection is made.

The havoc made in the woods Is great, because everyone enters them that chooses, and, under pretence of getting dead wood, they hack and break everything. It is a pity to see noble junipers broken and torn to pieces.

It is now so long since I have heard from home that I feel really like an exile. I might as well be in the East Indies. The Perregaux write to me every post! which gives a little life to my

epistolary existence. The peace, which is signed, or nearly signed, with the Emperor,[1] will soon

i Peace of Campo Formio,